The New Unity

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES

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TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

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Editorial

Fine privilege of Freedom's host,
Of humblest soldiers for the Right!
Age after age ye hold your post,
Your graves send courage forth, and might.
—Lowell.

THERE is inspiration in the assurance that we are linked in one destiny with the loved and revered who are beyond the reach of eye or touch of hand. The noblest of God's children anywhere and everywhere. However it may be with them, or however they may fare, we are partakers of their life now as when they walked our earthly paths, anticipated our every want and calmed our feverish pulse. This law of unity gives perspective to our perplexities and puts our pains into the light that mellows them with harmony.

IT is useless to attempt to flinch the moral law, the omnipotence of God confronts us in it. Every moral triumph, though but the feeble struggling of an infant soul, is large enough to touch eternity, heavy enough to bend the heavens, strong enough to bring the kingdom a little nearer. Toughen but a single sinew in our conscience and so far we make more effective the arm of the Almighty.

In Chicago we have been making another ineffectual attempt to secure a boys' annex to our bridewell. Now all the incipient criminals, the victims of mere mischief sometimes, are thrown into the training school of vice, the rogues' academy, where they must consort with the most vicious. The common council has turned a deaf ear to the plea on the score of impecuniosity, but a plundered treasury is no excuse for this bargaining for the damnation, not for the souls of these poor boys, for God in his infinite mercy knows how to place responsibility, but for the damnation of other boys in their homes, the blighting of the city which the common council is sworn to serve.

THE NEW UNITY is always delighted when it gives circulation to a good thing and furnishes material to our preaching friends. We have recently received three letters from Boston, asking how the writers may find the poem entitled "The Calf Path," the poem having been used by Mr. Savage in a public address and the correspondents referred by him to THE NEW UNITY. For the information of these and others, we will say that the poem is published in Boston and may be found in "Whiffs from Wild Meadows," by Sam Walter Foss, Lee & Shepherd, Publishers. If these correspondents would only subscribe for THE NEW UNITY, they would save time and postage stamps.

MANY years ago under the inspiration of Robert Collyer's preaching, Eli Bates, of blessed memory, left a beneficent sum in trust to Unity Church, Chicago, for the erection of a suitable building for the Industrial School sustained by that church in the forlorn territory known at that time as "Little Hell." Recently this institution has been changed into a settlement station and Mrs. Helen Campbell and Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson have it in charge. This new experiment is doubly interesting in the fact that these two women who have already made themselves a place in the literature of sociology, have now an opportunity of testing their philosophy and applying their theories. Mrs. Campbell is meanwhile conducting a department entitled "The Art of Living" in *The Altrurian.* Mrs. Stetson recently preached in the pulpit of All Souls Church, Chicago, to the delight of her auditors. Thus it is that the modern ministry is amplified and simplified, becoming the more divine because the more humane.

FATHERS Flannagan and Kelley, two Catholic priests, are making a righteous fight in our city for a rational solution of the Sixteenth street and other railway crossings, insisting that all solutions save that solution which absolutely secures maximum safety to the innocent traveler on street or railroad, regardless of cost and regardless of the financial interests of selfish corporations. Three hundred lives in 1892 sacrificed on street crossings by railroads and here in this last stand on Sixteenth street, a crossing where 275 passenger trains cross on the same level each twenty-four hours, one of the most complex and dangerous crossings of railroads on the road. What can be right in this matter but the scheme that demands such elevation or depression of tracks that will bring maximum safety, not only to those who travel on the streets, but to those who ride on the trains? While the Catholic church has priests who interpret their mission so humanely and divinely as these, Chicago will do well to cherish their ministry and heed their ministrations. We greet these priests as brothers in the ministry of religion and would fain help them in their struggle.

AN old friend and burden bearer of THE NEW UNITY, is distressed over the estimated six thousand non-paying readers of THE NEW UNITY and wonders whether it is worth while to encourage such non-productive appreciation. We will not complain that the Massachusetts mother carefully saves THE NEW UNITY and sends it to her son in Kansas, or that the Illinois farmer forwards it to his Dakota sister. We do not regret the scores of copies that are sent to Father John S. Brown of Lawrence, Kansas, after they have done duty in home and neighborhood of the first subscriber. We would not commend the loyalty of the reader who would burn his copy after he has read it so as to compel the other reader to pay for what he gets and thereby feel more honest and profit more by it, but we do respectfully remind both first and second hand readers that THE NEW UNITY leaves burdens at this end of the line which a few must carry; that what is a source of strength to them empha-

sizes a weakness here, which raises the question suggested by the helper alluded to,—"Does it pay?" Our faith does not falter. THE NEW UNITY persists and is to continue hoping, waiting by still working. Where work is possible may we not look for some more of it from the other end? We wish the six thousand non-paying readers of THE NEW UNITY could be made twelve thousand, and they might be if the first six thousand turned in and helped. Not what we would, but what we can, is the standard.

THE *Federalist* for February is interesting in its pages of general reading matter, but more suggestive in its local news. The Streator church of Good Will page shows on what high lines Brother Duncan is leading his band. It seeks to develop soul by working on such lines as the study of Daniel Deronda, Emerson, "The Life of Samuel Adams" and University Extension work. But the most suggestive page is that which is given to Mr. Penney's own work, a detailed account of work and organization in eight towns of La Salle County, twelve announcements of prospective meetings from the middle of February until the middle of March, and a preliminary announcement of the first general convention to be held in La Salle sometime next month. Altogether it is safe to say there is more missionary work and thought of the true kind going on at the present time in this La Salle County district than in any other part of the Congress field that we know of. Let the ministers who desire to do missionary work and the laity who need missionary work done study this model, consult *The Federalist* and its editors, G. B. Penney and L. J. Duncan.

OUR neighbor and fellow worker, *The Reform Advocate*, entered upon its sixth year last week in an attractive double number. One interesting feature of the number consists in two pages of tributes to the value of the *Advocate*, written by prominent men from both sides of the Atlantic and both from within and without Judaism. The editor commits the paper anew both to Reform and Judaism, both of which causes he interprets in the light of the latest needs and highest revelation of modern society. In the tributes, Dr. Harper of Chicago, thinks the *Advocate* of immense service in opening the reader's eyes to new phases of thought and inspiring the soul to greater activity." Dr. Thomas says, "Through all the phases of transient it seeks and emphasizes the permanent, the essential and eternal and hence the universal in religion." The editor of THE NEW UNITY is glad to repeat editorially what is said in the *Advocate's* columns personally: "The *Advocate* has a high mission, fighting the conservatism inside of Judaism with Jewish weapons and Jewish ability. It makes mightily for that universal Judaism which is identical with the universal elements in other religions which triumphing, as triumph it must, will bring the day when race animosities, warring sects and rival systems will pale in the presence of the bright light of universal love and universal brotherhood. Go on with the *Reform Advocate!* Let it continue to be the mouthpiece of the high ability of its editor, retaining its wisdom and growing in grace."

The Movement Towards Unity.

One test of culture is the mind's power to generalize. The difference between the civilized man and the barbarian is the power of the former to combine under inclusive names and under general laws facts that to the other seem disjointed, incoherent and antagonistic. As we rise in the scale of intelligence we are enabled to see the multitudinous facts of life marshalling themselves in ordered ranks. The motley crowd of animals take their places in classes, families, generas and species. In the vegetable world, all from the grass of the field up to the monarch trees of Mariposa, assume an ordered sequence. The plants march in procession. So with the nations and ages of men. The cultivated mind is enabled to see how to each age there is given some word to emphasize, some particular accent of progress, some special movement of mind or hand rising above the others as its contribution to the advancement of the race.

The great word of the eighteenth century was "Independence." In its utterance men were aroused to a higher sense of the value of the individual, the sanctity of the person. That century called upon the soul at least in Europe and America to stand erect, plant itself upon its own foundation, compel a recognition. In this word we find the secret of the great movements of that century: the awful cyclone of the French Revolution, the profound earnestness of the Puritan protest, the splendid heroism of the American Revolution; the central truth of the philosophy of Kant and his associates; the searching things in the poetry of Goethe, Schiller, Shelley and the earlier poems of Wordsworth. All these are included under and explained by the word "independence." In them we see the individual groping towards his dignity, determined to secure recognition. The eighteenth century was determined to make a man, not governments, societies, armies, inherited titles of landed estates, the unit of measure. Of course, the last century held no exclusive claims upon this word. It was in the world before, it is still a potent word representing an unrealized ideal. Its gospel is still vital, its protest still necessary. On this side of the water the message of the eighteenth century culminated in the middle of the nineteenth century in that war that liberated four million slaves. It is still the throbbing life of the temperance reformer, of woman's rightful claim to suffrage. It is still the watchword of education, the inspiration of the school teacher.

As "Independence" was the word of the eighteenth century, "Unity" is the word of the nineteenth century. Tyndall, in his famous address before the British Association at Belfast, declared that the greatest scientific discovery of this century, the one by which it will be longest marked, is that known as the "correlation and conservation of forces." The discovery that was able to prove experimentally that heat, light and electricity are but different phases of the same reality, varying modes of the same verity revealed in motion. If it were given us to choose, we should prefer the honor of having perfected the spectroscope to all the scientific inventions of the century; for through it we have reached a generalization more sweeping and a truth more sublime than any that has come to us through the startling contrivances of Morse or Edison, more consoling and inspiring than the messages of the telephone, the telegraph or phonograph is the message of the spectroscope. For the first time it brings a conclusive answer to the question of the nursery rhyme:

> "Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
> How I wonder what you are,
> Up above the world so high,
> Like a diamond in the sky."

Not a diamond at all says the spectroscope, but a world made of just such common dirt stuff as that we walk upon, a world of mineral, rock, air and water as our own, twinkling in the sky, thus demonstrating the magnificent generalization of culture, the oneness of the starry host, the unity of worlds, the harmony of the universe. Running through the higher reaches in all the sciences, we find the same word emphasized. Anthropology, the science of man, establishes the kinship of races, the unity of humanity. Philology, the science of language, has broken down the aristocracy of speech; the old distinction between classic and barbaric tongues is fast fading away. Scholars are finding new relationship and establishing larger kinships between languages; indeed, they are almost ready to prove that there is scarcely more than one language of which the varying speech of nations are so many dialects, and he who knows only one language knows none at all. Sociology, the latest of sciences, in the last half of the nineteenth century is trying to teach us that this complicated fabric of modern life with its commerce, manufacture and handicrafts, is all woven with one thread; that a rent anywhere weakens the fabric everywhere. It is slowly spelling out the lesson which when clearly mastered will teach us that there can be no real antagonism between capital and labor, between farmer and merchant, between country and city. The old international code based on the theory of an essential antagonism of interests between governments is giving way to the new code of international law based on the theory of community of interests, and the nations are on the eve of recognizing the truth that to make war upon any power is to make war upon their own permanent interests; to multilate any foreign foe is to multilate themselves; indeed, that there is no such thing, that there can be no such thing as war with a foreign power. All wars are domestic wars, a family quarrel, a house divided against itself. The Civil war in the United States cuts off the cotton crop. Instantly the Lancashire weavers join the Northern battalions fighting the cause of

reedom with the Yankee soldiers, only they must needs fight the grimmer foe of slow starvation with the most heroic weapon of patient and silent fortitude. The famine is felt around the world. Cotton fields spring up in Africa and the valleys of India whiten with the downy fiber. The whirr of spindle and the clatter of the loom is suddenly awakened in far-off China.

Herbert Spencer, the greatest intellect of the century, has called his system "the synthetic philosophy," the putting together, in contradiction to the analytic work of the older centuries,—the pulling apart, which was the delight of the philosophers of the past. UNITY is the word in the philosophy of the nineteenth century.

In religion it is the same word. The tendency of all pulpits is a coming together. It is the establishing of the kinship of faiths, a recognition of the oneness that runs through all systems. In the realm of scholarship the work of Max Müller may be regarded as typical of the century. He has led us into the most fertile and inspiring fields of religious history, the fields of comparative religion that enable us to discover old friends, familiar principles and loved precepts in other bibles than our own. He has made it possible for us to match Jesus' precepts with Buddha's maxims; to reinforce the laws of Moses with the more ancient laws of Menu, and to find the Golden Rule of the New Testament anticipated by four centuries by Confucius, the sage of China. The most suggestive characteristic and to our mind, important popular religious tract published on this side of the water in this century, probably, is T. W. Higginson's tract entitled "The Sympathy of Religions," ten thousand copies of which were gratuitously distributed at the great Parliament of Religions. This tract undertakes to prove that the great historic religions of the world are not so many stranded hulks left to perish, but that "all over the world the divine impulse moves and the true religion is that which includes nothing less than the piety of the world." In thus once more interpreting our name we prepare the way for our new volume word, which is due next week.

The Greed to be Great.

Has religion ever given us a finer law of life than "Do with your might what your hands find to do?" If one does that he fills his destiny and purpose. For religion teaches that there is another One who has a right to over order us, and to work out his problems with us and by us. And while we assert that the old fatalism is false which said God might do with us as he pleased, irrespective of moral right, we cannot but see that we do belong in a great natural scheme and program. It is not our natural privilege to determine our ways entirely irrespective of all the rest. Science and philosophy do not undertake to contradict religion; on the contrary they affirm that we have no higher conception than altruism, to live and think and feel for others. Curiously the only gods we have in modern life are those that died for others. You would hardly have foreseen that the carpenter boy of Gallilee was to be deified by a third of the human race. Our religious law therefore robs us of ambition and selfishness; bids us do whatever comes to hand. It has created some wonderful characters, and what matters it that most of these are unknown in print.

Is it not rather the spirit in which we do things that we find the good or evil? Is it not possible to be just as brave all alone in a harvest field as all alone in a jungle fighting tigers; or for that matter in a study writing a novel to be notorious? Is it not possible to be as large a figure toasting bread and meat for daily needs as to be in a pulpit metropolitan, praying the Almighty to send meat and bread for daily needs? The greed to be great is eating us up; has it compensative advantages? Is there not a peace and joy in simplicity that we are loosing, and for which we can find no adequate substitute? Of course I do not advocate ignorance and stupidity, but venture a word for the rural and even rustic quiet that the steam engine has banished. Will not the electric age restore this rather than increase the difficulty? Steam is noisy and centralising; electricity is still and it distributes force. There will soon be no need of rushing to great cities in order to feel the world life-pulsations. There will be an evenness of the thought and emotional heart-beats of mankind. One may as well be in the farm house as in the state house; he shall hear what he cares to hear, and learn what he cares to learn.

In small things you find the real whole person. If a woman be heedless in handling china, she will be heedless in handling love. She does not show nice shades of feeling. Essentially she *is* heedless; and will be heedless of your affections. She desires to get them; once got they are second-hand, like her seal-skin sacque that she economized for till bought; and then bundled away in a corner of dust, after once wearing.

The outcome of faithfulness in small things is not by chance or possibility final greatness; but that is the inevitable. You cannot possibly add grain of sand to grain of sand without sandstone rock will be piled as high as your patience can heap it. That is, nature has nothing great that cannot be subdued into atoms; in fact, once was so subdivided. It startles us to get a little glimpse of the fact that the Washington monument is no more made of huge blocks of stones than it is of infinitesimal molecules. Nor is it otherwise with great truths. If you read the early works of Darwin you find him picking up lonely scraps of facts. These accumulated until he had the first solid corner pier of his vast hypothesis. So it is also that all the superb mechanism which glorifies these latest days grew from a chipped flint. Should we despise the simple stone hatchet of a savage? It was the first chapter in the evolution of the axe of steel. It is also the same with our literature. Small things were the first tallies and counters kept by the primitive traders. They did not look much like letters, but without them there could have been no Plato; and Shakespeare would have been only a dancing cannibal, a shrewder sort of Caliban. Why should you feel ashamed that you invented the alphabet, but were not Homer to use it in measures of musical words and feelings? On the whole there is no lesson more needed than to be content with daily duties. E. P. P.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

A Prayer.

When it shall come to pass that I no more
Thrill with the generous rapture of great thoughts
That flame like stars and fire to noble deeds;
When His anointed ones (the poets true)
Who broaden, brighten all the world for us
To wildering beauty, wake no answering glow,
And souls prophetic kindle no response
When all the passion, all the pain of woe
For other's wrongs and sorrows fall away—
When the rebuking whiteness of the Saints
Who have not died, who walk our streets today,
Blanch not my cheek, purge not my worldliness;
And martyrs (in the latest styles perchance),
Wring no soft sob of loving sympathy,
Or fail to touch me to diviner aims,
When never "sun of righteousness" for me
Shall rise to pierce the clouds of self deceit,

To warm my pulses to a purer zeal
For grander issues and immortal ends,
The general knowledge and a common hope
To humbler service and enduring good,
Or prayerful effort to assuage the thirst
Of starving souls, for higher better life,
Or (being mother), feel not for the babes
Who famished amid plenty—for a little love
If all these fail me? Come, O dearest friend,"
And if just Heaven! *survival* be to live
That "life in death" of selfish cold content,
While one "the least" of all my human kind,
Writhes sick in sin exiled from love and light
Let me be "not," annihilate me, God!

HELEN HINSDALE RICH.

Chicago.

Blunderonia.

BY "BLINK BONNIE."

According to our dictionaries the word blunder means "to do badly," to bungle, to make a mistake. A wise man of the past said "the only people who make no blunders are dead people. I saw a man last week who has not made a mistake for four thousand years; he was a mummy in the Egyptian department of the British Museum. The capacity for occasional blundering is inseparable from the capacity to bring things to pass." This last sentence may be true in a general way, but however helpful or amusing the blunders of others may appear. We, as a rule, are perfectly satisfied to do without this factor which the wise man describes as necessary "to bring things to pass." For the things which blundering people bring to pass are not always conducive to peace or harmony.

Speaking about blunders, there is nothing that can stir the innermost soul of a lecturer or minister, like the typographical blunder, caused by the carelessness of compositor or proof-reader. When a public man buys the morning's paper to read the report of his last night's address, and sees in black and white, the grotesque or humorous twist the vivid imagination of the compositor has given to several of his sentences, calmness is impossible and time alone the healing balm for his sensitive soul. I remember of inviting a friend to deliver an address before our

Shakespeare Club. In describing a storm he used the phrase "muttered thunder"; this was reported next day in the papers, as "buttered thunder." Then a wag wrote the paper to inquire whether "buttered thunder" had any affinity with "greased lightning." My own indulgent spirit waxed righteously indignant, when a newspaper, in its report of my speech at a Burns anniversary, quoted me as closing my address with these stirring lines:

"O' Caledonia, stern and wild,
Wet nurse for a poetic child."

Not so long ago a clergymam made this announcement before the singing of the last hymn, "I wish to say to the congregation, that the pulpit is not responsible for the error of the printer on the tickets for the concert, Wednesday evening in the Sunday-school room. The concert is for the benefit of the Arch Fund not the 'Arch Fiend.'" In one of the Monday lectures the Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston, referring to the Apostle's vision of Christ, asked his audience, Was St. Paul a dupe? In the next day's report of the lecture, the Rev. Joseph was made to propound the startling conundrum, Was St. Paul a dude?

But these blunders are not half so bad, as what happened a guileless Scotchman, who had prepared a delightful lecture on "Burchen's Life in Germany." Imagine his horror when stepping from the train, at an English border city where he was engaged to lecture, to find the whole town placarded with announcements, which gave the title of his lecture, as "Buckskin Life in Germany." A year ago in the report of a sermon in a southern paper, from Luke 19, 21 the text read: "I feared thee, because thou art an oyster man." In the morning's mention of a concert a city newspaper said "Miss P—— was enthusiastically encored, owing to the exquisite taste, with which she rendered "An Angel's Whisker." An English paper in an elaborate report of a reception given by the city council, to some distinguished foreigner, described the mayor as having on his robes of office and a chair round his neck.

But these blunders are child's play, when compared with the blunder of a compositor on an evening journal. The editor had written an exhaustive dessertation, upon the culture of bulbs, but the printer managed in some way to turn "bulbs" into "babies," making the heading of the article read "How to make babies grow:—Soak them in boiling water, and let them dry in the sun." In a very interesting descriptive article an old newspaper gives this sentence, "Opposite me there was seated at a table, a thick-set man, eating a lobster who was a parliamentary reporter."

Few blunders are so amusing as slips of the tongue, the Apostle James writes: "The tongue no man can tame, it is an unruly member," and James was right, for with most people, the tongue will occasionally take the bit in its mouth and roam at will. In a country church one Sunday, the pulpit was occupied by a young minister, who was very anxious to produce a powerful impression. In his closing prayer he exclaimed with great vehemence, "Oh Lord, we beseech thee, water us with the bread of Life." An Irish orator in a speech against the English landlords, exclaimed in a white heat of enthusiasm, "If these men were landed on an uninhabited island, they wouldn't be there half an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

These slips of the tongue, or mixed metaphores, are by no means to be considered the results of ignorance nor stupidity, most of them are the outcome of the glowing enthusiasm of the moment. Many ridiculous mistakes have been made by highly cultured people. For example, to the British statesman and editor of London *Truth*, is attributed the expression, "the bleating of the bruised worm." At a University dinner, an eminent scholar carried away with the excitement of the moment, exclaimed in a burst of impassioned eloquence, "The British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India, or climbing the forests of Canada will not draw in its horns, nor retire into its shell." The scholarly Lord Derby, during his address in the House of Commons upon the armies of England, described a pension "as a nest egg, upon which a soldier might take his stand in his old age." And no less illustrious a statesman and master of public speech than Gladstone, in response to an opponent's sign of dissent, declared "that it was no use for the honorable and gallant gentlman to shake his head in the teeth of his own words."

Heavenly Visitants.

The Lord appeared unto him by the oaks of Mamre, as he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day; and he lifted up his eyesand looked, and three men stood over against him: and when he saw them he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself to the earth, and said, My Lord, if now I have found favor in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant: let now a little water be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree: and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your heart.—Gen. xviii., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Thou who art the Father in the heavens, dost visit us who are the children on the earth, in many a true thought, in many a pure love. These take the shape of scriptures, new and old, ministering unto us in the higher life. They come to us in good men whose lives move within us as the sun at its creative tenderness in the green and growing things of the field. They come to us as lowly duty, and in our welcome show themselves in their celestial light. They come to us in flaming ideals that burn into our souls like suns into the heart of the harvests. Heavenly visitants come unto us when, resting from our toil, we sit in the tent of our contemplation, with the meanings of things clearing, that truth may stand revealed. Heavenly visitants come unto us when, in our heart's quiet, we passion for honorable and unselfish manhood in ourselves and in others, that love may stand revealed. Desiring earnestly to minister unto humanity, as a stranger, as suffering any need, and setting an honest, patient hand to realize our desire, we become a host of the holiest loving Thou dost send forth from Thy bright heavens. Many are the forms they take whom Thou dost send to visit us, all these wondrous things of Thy earth, all experiences, everything that discloses a face of ennoblement; but the inward meaning of all is just that we become some loving truth of Thine own human heartedness.

The worth of these visitants to us is in our welcome. When a hospitable heart receives them, their graces of larger life abide, although the form of their appearing may soon vanish, even as welcomed fruit disappearing in its body of beauty nourishes in a fulness of life.

Give us, Thou Giver of every good and perfect gift, the hospitable heart, the welcoming hand, that all the truth Thou sendest may become in us the wisest thinking, that all the goodness Thou givest may become a pure and unselfish loving. So will the reality of heavenliness be ours, and in that, our confidence in Thee as our eternal life, will abide unshaken whatever storms of earth may beat upon us. Forever in the heavens of our deepest nature be established Thy loving word of truth, that forever in the earth of our outermost lives Thy holy will may be done, and naught anywhere but truth to ennoble and kindness to serve. So bearing the image of the earthly, will the visitants of Thy truthful love tra—on us until we shall bear the image of the heavenly, in an honor that will bless Thy heart forever and ever. Amen!

Genius—Its Bright and Dark Sides.

Despite all the glorification of genius, I venture to say that the lot of men possessed of great intellectual treasures has been harder to bear than that of the men of greatest wealth. The Gœthes have suffered more than the Goulds, the Beethovens more than the Bleichrœders, the Vandykes more than the Vanderbilts. Many of them have cursed the hours of the birth of their genius as bitterly as Job cursed the hour of his birth, have cried his cry "Oh, that the day whereon I was born might perish!" Oh, how little do enviers know of the disappointments and despairs of the envied sons and daughters of fame!

Fame! What an overrated, what a misunderstood word this is! What streams of pleasure deluded mortals trace from that source, where often there is not a drop to be found! What oceans of miseries storm and rage and seethe in the hearts of the famed, and of which the covetous do not even dream! Fame! What else is it often but the privilege of being lauded beyond your deserts, and by people whom you do not know? What else is it often but the privilege of being maligned by people, whose ignorance bars them from following your flights? What else is it often but the privilege of slaving for mankind's ease, of darkening your own life to brighten that of others, of exhausting your midnight oil, that your fellowmen might save theirs to burn you with it at the stake? What else is it but the grim privilege of being dead, when alive, and alive when dead, of seeing your work derided when living, and credited to others when dead? What else is it often but the privilege of eking out a miserable existence, while others fatten on the products of your brain? What else is it often but the privilege of daring to think, to pioneer, to do, of braving storms, of penetrating wilderness, of having your feet cut on untried ways, of being lashed and torn by untried elements, so that the path of those who travel after you, may be safe and smooth and sunshiny?

Fame! What else is it often but a paroxysm of the disease of ambition, that makes you the more ahungered and athirst the more your greed is fed, that makes you to clamor for the crown of gold, when the laurel wreath encircles your brow, and for the scepter of the universe, when you wield the rod of empires? What else is it often but a madness, that makes you deaf to the claims of your dear ones, and blind to the laws of life and health, and insensible to the commands of right and justice? Were we to ask some of the men of fame, whether they would advise us to follow their foot-

steps, I feel quite sure that a goodly number of them would say to us: "Be great if you must, but escape it, if you can. The chimney is higher than the hearth, but while the latter is the dispenser of warmth and cheer and comfort, the other is the conductor of the poison and smoke of the household, is beset by storms without, and is full of soot within. The higher the mountain, the more frozen is its peak; the higher the tree the more shaken is its top. The brighter the light, the darker the shadow!"

That the greatest sufferings of the great should spring from envy is to me the strongest evidence, not so much of how little living genius is appreciated, as of how little the nature of genius is understood. People treat geniuses as if their great endowments were not more of unsought gifts than of free choice. People do not seem to realize that men are great because their natures make them so, that a Milton writes a "Paradise Lost," a Raphael paints a "Transfiguration," a Wagner composes a "Triology," a Darwin traces the "Origin of Species and Descent of Man," a Huss denounces the Papal bull, a Patrick Henry delivers his phillipic against George III, not because he chooses but because he must. Had they their choice, they would often prefer, too often for society's good, a life of ease and retirement to the hardships of their labor, to the publicity of their lives. And certainly to the onslaughts of the envious and fanatical. It is enough to make one, who knows of the tribulations of men of genius, of their privations and sacrifices, what unwilling slaves they are in mankind's service, it is enough to make such a man weep, when he notes how often great men are treated as if they ought to be grateful for being suffered to live and toil, for having a crust of bread thrown them, or a place allowed, whereon to rest their weary limbs. It is enough to make such a one weep, to observe the infamies and ingratitudes to which they are subjected, to hear the very curs of the street howling at them, to listen to the ignorant scornfully pointing out their errors, to see the corrupt wiping their dirty mouths upon them, to see the venomed canine teeth of the outstripped or unnoticed pulling and tearing at their heels.

And it is enough to make a saint lose his temper to observe how small-souled critics, whose dwarfed brain cannot possibly take the measure of giants, overlook the benefactions of great men, and go about spying for foibles and failings, and, finding some, cackle to the world their great discovery that genius has ever laid claim to infallibility. Their pleasure over the weaknessess of the mighty seems to somewhat compensate them for their displeasure with the brilliant gifts of the great. Ah, my little man, you may succeed in pulling a great man down to your base level, but it will take more than the malignancy of a thousand scores of you to pull yourself up to his height!

Yet, there is another class of people, who, though greatly appreciating the works of genius, have little use for the men themselves, because of deficiencies of character that are too great, and of behaviors that are too offensive, to be borne with. Were the envy of the little or the jealousies of the great the only cause of great men's sufferings, they might congratulate themselves, for there is the true ring of grandeur and heroism in bearing, because of one's greatness, the stings and flings of the big and little fry. But unfortunately, there are geniuses, whose poverty of heart far exceeds their wealth of mind, whose arrogances outweigh their inventions, whose misdeeds cast much darker shadows than their benefactions shed luminous lights. There are great men, whose uncommon talents seem to dry up their common sense, and whose high flights of genius seem to alternate between descents into the abyss of folly, and deeply appreciative as many people are of the extraordinary gifts of such men, somehow they feel, that a grain of character outweighs a hundred-weight of genius.

There is much truth in all this. Great men are often very troublesome. Many of them seem to be a law unto themselves; they do not seem to fit into the ways of the rest of mankind. They are everlastingly wandering from the grooves in which we commoners travel, and are saying and doing things that shock the nerves of the sensitive. They are no respecters of Dame Etiquette, no followers of Miss Fashion, the great bugaboos of ordinary mortals. For the most part, the great man is cold, distant, uncongenial. He repels society, and is repelled by it. The company of common mortals seems to bore him, and, if forced to mingle with them, he becomes a bore to them. The genius feels lost and lonely in crowds, and finds himself in good company when alone in his study, laboratory or work-shop. Like towering Mt. Blanc, they that reach above their fellowkind must pay the tax of isolation. He that would bask in the smiles of the rabble must be as flat as they. The elect of men must bear the title of The Peculiar People.

We complain of the lack of modesty of the men of genius. This is often but another way of saying that we are wroth at the geniuses daring to set their thoughts and methods above those of our own, forgetting that it is just in such departures from the commonplaces, from the long-established order of things, wherein their genius lies, wherein their originality asserts itself, forgetting that it is just to such changes and departures that we owe most of our progress.

In addition to the rudeness and unsociability and vanities of men of genius, it is the insolence of so many of them that frequently give offense, and make them objects of people's dislike and neglect. The people have little patience with the men who make you to feel that the sun and moon and stars shine for them alone, whose manners seem to say to you, that it is their belief that God looks down upon them every now and then, complacently saying to Himself "these are my beloved sons, in whom alone I am well pleased." As a consequence, they seem to content themselves with nothing short of obsequious adoration, and cry of base ingratitude, and threaten to darken the world by hiding their light, if the richest measures of honor and adulation are not showered upon them, if the slightest fault is found with them.

The meannesses and immralities of many great men form another cause of the people's dislike of them. That celebrated characterization of Bacon as the greatest, wisest and meanest of men, is true of a goodly number of others. The baseness of such men is all the more shocking because of the sacred gifts divinely entrusted to them. The precious gem must have a noble setting. The fine painting is deserving of a fitting frame. Slightly altering the Biblical text, they say that "as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is the gift of genius in a man devoid of morality." What is overlooked in the low cannot be condoned in the great. As Shakespeare puts it:

> "For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
> Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

The eccentricities and aberrations of genius form an equally provoking, though not equally just, cause of the people's dislike of great men. Professor Lombroso has labored hard to show that genius is a morbid condition of the mind. He is by no means the first, as he himself acknowledges, to set up that claim. Some of the rabbis of old held a similar view concerning the nature of prophecy, and that view is shared by many of the oriental peoples to this day. Aristotle held that many people become poets, prophets and sybils only under a maniacal state, and that when that state passes away, their poetic and prophetic powers cease. Diderot exclaims: "Oh, how near are genius and madness!" Whether or not Lombroso has proven his theory has not yet been settled, but a study of the lives of great men certainly seems to indicate mental conditions that are not perceptible in others, and, in many instances, mental deficiencies and abnormities that are quite striking. In one case you find abnormal precocity, in another case you find delayed development. In one case you find vagabondage, or impulsion to go out fighting, conquering, discovering; in another case you find the seclusive habit. In one and the same case you find, at one time, spells of elation, ecstasy, self-confidence, under which he performs great deeds, and at another time spells of depression, despondency, self-abasement, pessimism, melancholy, attacks of suicidal mania, lethargic states, under which he can produce nothing, or nothing worthy of him, and which frequently ends in insanity. In other cases you find frequent spells of spasms and convulsions, of ecstatic visions and absent-mindedness, of cataleptic and epileptic fits, of unaccountable depravities and delinquencies.

It is this view of genius, that ought to make us to commiserate the men who possess it rather than to condemn them. Their lights ought to cover a multitude of their shadows. Their benefactions ought to silence oceans of our carpings. Alas, for the man who, in a garden full of rarest and

choicest flowers, can espy only the nettle, and, rubbing it the wrong way, and being stung by it, raises a loud cry against the garden. Does not the Good Book say, that not even the angels are perfect before the Lord, that He putteth no trust in His saints, that even the heavens are not clean in His sight? Does not the telescope reveal spots even in the sun, and some of them large enough to enclose three times the area of our whole earth?

No, let us not treat our great men as if they ought to be thankful that we permit them to exist. Let us think frequently and kindly of their toil, their slavery, their disappointments, their isolation, their unreachable goals, their unattainable ideals. Let us think often and thoughtfully of the hollowness of fame. Let us remember that, if great men are troublesome, they are also indispensible, that but for the worldful of light which they have shed, we would never have had our little lampful of oil by which to discover the spots in their suns.

Let us remember that their offenses are more often their misfortunes than their pleasures. They often suffer as much in afflicting the few, as in blessing the many. They do the mean thing as they do the great thing, by the impulses of their natures. The one is often as much of an abnormity as the other. Cure them of their faults and you cure them of their merits at the same time. As well blame the rose for its thorns, the leopard for its spots, the mountain for its clefts and gorges, as blame men of genius for their faults. Were they less great, their faults would appear less offensive; were they less conspicuous their faults would attract less attention; were they of coarser stuff, their faults would be less perceptible. A small speck on snow-white linen shows more than a large stain on a piece of shoddy. The ore hides even its gold; the diamond reveals its slightest flaw.

It it easy to be a sheep when you have the nature of the sheep, but if you are a lion you can only play a sheep's part by acting the hypocrite. The greater the man the greater are his passions. When occassion required it, Moses and Jesus could lash their passion into a fury. It was Mirabeau's belief that "only men of strong passions can be great."

It seems that nature has so adjusted things that genius shall not be perfect. It has mixed it with alloy, seemingly to make it stronger, to keep it earthly, to keep up its kinship with us poor common mortals. Were they all perfect, they would have little in common with us; we would lose more by their perfection than we now suffer from their imperfections. And besides, we have so many of our own imperfections to look to, that we can afford to leave the imperfections of genius to the care of the men who possess it. The Chinese proverb, that one should think of his own faults, the first part of the night, when he is awake, and of the faults of others the latter part of the night, when he is asleep, is a good rule to be followed even by us.—Rev. Dr. J. Krauskopf in the *Reform Advocate*.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Responsive Reading.

XIV. Selected from Confucius.

BY REV. CARLETON F. BROWN.

"That is the right imperial domain where the people have repose.

Where rulers love justice, the people respond readily with service.

As when we cut axe-handles we cut one handle to hew another, so the wise governor uses what is in man to reform men.

The acts of a wise ruler are for ages a law to the empire; his words are for ages a lesson to the empire.

The wise man does not use rewards, and the people are stimulated to virtue; he does not show anger, and the people are awed more than by battle axes.

Some one asked Confucius: 'What should be done to secure the submission of the people?'

Confucius replied: 'Advance the upright and set aside the crooked, then the people will submit. Advance the crooked and set aside the upright, and the people will not submit.'

A certain ruler asked how he might do away with the number of theives in his kingdom.

Confucius replied: 'If you, sir, were not covetous, the people would not steal, though you should pay them for it.'

'What do you say about killing the unprincipled for the good of the principled?'

'In carrying on government why use killing at all? Let the rulers desire what is good and the people will be good.'

How can men who cannot rectify themselves, rectify others?

Things have their root and their completion. It cannot be that where the root is neglected what springs from it will be well ordered.

The ancients who wished to show forth illustrious virtue throughout the empire, began with investigation.

Things being investigated, knowledge was made complete.

Knowledge becoming complete their thoughts were sincere.

Their thoughts being sincere their hearts were then rectified.

Their hearts being rectified their persons were cultivated.

Their persons being cultivated their families were regulated.

Their families being regulated their states were rightly governed.

Their states being rightly governed the whole empire was made tranquil and happy."

The Miracles of the Bible.

Lecture delivered before the Temple Emanu-El Bible Class, New York.

BY DR. K. KOHLER.

Miracle is the dearest child of faith. "Das Wunder ist des Glauben's liebstes Kind" is a saying of Goethe's. Miracles or extraordinary acts which excel the skill and comprehension of man, are everywhere offered as proofs of divine omnipotence in support of faith, yet as soon as you accept them as proofs you cannot help feeling that you have staked the best and the holiest part of your faith on mere chance. Your faith has not gained in the least by the mere acceptance. Suppose the Egyptian sorcerers had outstripped Moses in the art of performing wonders, would the truth have been on the side of Egypt rather than of Israel? Each religion claims the same miraculous power for its own prophets or saints. What is the difference between the water of Lourdes by which the Catholic religion in France wins converts today, and the healing powers of the Jordan's water by which Elijah converted the Syrian general Naaman?

If miracles are to testify to the fact that Moses or Elijah were men of God, then Jesus, Mohammed and Buddha have equal claims to offer. As Moses Mendelssohn wrote to Lavater who had challenged him to either disprove Bonnet's evidences of Christianity or become a Christian: "Miracles cannot prove the truth of a religion, because every religion has such to present, and the Mosaic law expressly warns against being misled by miracles performed by false prophets." The Jewish religion does not rest on belief in miracles. It rests on the intrinsic truth of its laws. "If a prophet doth wonders while saying: Worship 'another god!' hearken not unto him, for thy God is testing thy belief in Him," says the Law.

Consequently miracles play a subordinate role in Judaism. The rabbis saw the danger of placing trust in miracles, especially since Christianity was so prolific in these stories, and they deprecated them, laying all the greater stress on the cosmic unity and order established by the Creator from the very beginning.

And here is another point which must be emphasized. Every miracle is an interference with the laws of the universe, a stoppage of the entire system of Creation. For a man to restore a dead person to life, or to make iron swim on the water's surface, or to fly from earth to heaven, is tantamount to allowing in favor of a single person the suspension of the entire machinery by which suns and stars, the organic and inorganic lives of aeons are kept rolling throughout the infinitude of space and time. And what purpose would such a temporary cessation of the entire empire of law in the universe serve? Can it prove the omnipotence of God? An all-knowing and almighty Creator must provide for every emergency, for every part of the infinite world at the very beginning of things. He cannot allow breaks and interventions to lay bare the insufficiency of His work. The order of the Eternal must necessarily suffice for all eternity, or else we cannot have perfect trust in Him. Instead of confirming and strengthening our faith in God, miracles weaken it, because they allow chance and caprice to take the place of immutable law and order. In order to avoid this difficulty, our ancient rabbis in the Mishnah and Midrash declared that at the very creation of the world God provided for these miraculous alterations of nature by preparing the conditions for such contingencies. Under usual circumstances no animal could open its mouth to speak, but the ass of Balaam was a special work of the Almighty Creator, and so was the mouth of the earth that swallowed Korah in the wilderness, or the rock that yielded water to Israel in the desert, and so forth.

You see here how the ancient writers in Israel, far from insisting on a blind belief in miracles, endeavored to harmonize the Biblical

stories with the postulates of reason, with an enlightened faith in an all-wise and all-ruling Providence. And when the great Jewish sages of the middle ages had come into contact with Arabian philosophy and science, basing the very belief in God's unity upon the immutable cosmic order and law, miracle became a problem rather than a proof, a difficulty more than a demonstration of faith. Nature as a marvelous unit and history as a succession of mighty acts of Divine Providence—these are the miracles which manifest everywhere the omnipresence and omnipotence of God. Revelation itself is a miracle, the greatest in life. The miracle stories we need lay no stress on. This is their mode of reasoning. Spinoza, in denying the very possibility of miracles, only went a step or two beyond what Maimonides and others had said.

Our attitude as Jews to the miracles of the Bible is, therefore, an altogether different one from that of the Christian believer. Take away the miracle of resurrection, of incarnation and transfiguration, reduce Christ to human size and his doings to human proportions, and Christianity becomes identical with the faith of the Jewish prophets and sages, a section of Judaism. Take away all the miracles told of Moses or Elijah, of Joshua and Daniel, aud nothing essential of the Jewish truth is infringed upon. We are, consequently, at liberty to treat miracles, like any other form of belief, from a general human point of view. We are not bound to believe that the serpent in Paradise spoke, or that the diversity of human speech originated in the confusion of men's language at the Tower of Babel. We know that the Bible contains legends which present truth in the form of fiction. We do not for a moment accept the story as a fact that the Dead Sea owes its origin to the wrath of divine justice which visited the people of Sodom and Gomorrha with an earthquake; or that the wife of Lot was turned into a pillar of salt, because she stopped in her flight to look back. On the contrary, the pillar of salt, still seen in one corner of the lake, because it is forming ever anew, gave rise to a popular tale concerning Lot's wife, and the awful sight of a dreary and desolate land covered with salt and brimstone suggested the story of wicked inhabitants who had provoked the anger of God. Where science asks for natural causes, the narrator of the Bible looks for ethical motives. In like manner the Bible stories invest every occurrence in nature or in history with a religious significance.

We strike here upon the very nature of miracles. They turn every fact in the life of the man or the nation they dwell in, into a lesson, a symbol of some religious truth. Miracles do not create, but illustrate, faith. They are the efflorescence, not the root, the beautiful blossom, not the nourishing sap, of belief. Every bright day begins with the charm of a beautiful sunrise. So does poetry in every nation precede the real facts of history and philosophy. Miracles are the poetry of religion, the garb in which the religious truth is presented to, or received by, the childhood of humanity.

The child likes to indulge in dreams, in fanciful stories, in fairy tales. Its imagination, defying the limits of real life, delights in soaring in the boundless realm of the ideal. It sees the world *not as it is*, but as it *should be*, or *might be*. And behold, life appears impregnated with moral purposes and in the great contest the good always triumphs, and the evil is crushed; for God does what He pleases. His resources to help the just and to punish the evil-doer are unlimited. In this stage of human conception miracles rise and spread. They are neither invented nor distorted facts, but popular traditions which reflect more or less dimly some historical reminiscence, but always viewed in the light of an inner religious experience. You must be in sympathy with the faith that created the miracle in order to appreciate its truth. Unless you can enjoy the beauty of the rainbow, you fail to see in it more than a reflection of the sun. Only a poetic age could behold in it the ark of heaven suspended as a sign of peace after the storm and uproar of nature.

This sense for the beautiful the rationalist lacks who reduces the Biblical miracle to a natural occurrence holding, for instance, that Israel's passage through the Red Sea followed by destruction of Pharaoh's hosts was due to a temporary ebb and flood which Moses had taken into account, but not Pharaoh; or that the downfall of Jericho's walls was caused by some stratagem of Joshua effecting their undermining. In a similar manner some would explain the grand act of Divine Revelation on Mount Sinai by referring to the deep and multifarious resonance heard there at times owing to falling sand, and the mighty echo of Moses thus produced, they would say, could easily be ascribed to God on high. All these rationalistic explanations which deprive Biblical history of its poetic charm are not only extremely silly in themselves, but they represent the great prophets of Israel as jugglers and impostors, and God himself as aiding or instructing in the art of trickery and deceit. In order to save the literal truth, they kill the very spirit of faith.

Let me before proceeding to offer a better explanation ask you: Why do miracles still gain currency in certain districts in Southern France and Italy and not among cultured people? Simply because there they are expected and regarded as possible, whereas people, trained to behold in nature an unbroken reign of law, look only for natural explanations of whatever occurs. We know what life and death, health and disease are, and we understood the law long before Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood and before the microscope disclosed to us microbic germs of disease. Consequently we do not expect to be cured of leprosy or of blindness by some supernatural influence. But people who ascribe illness to evil spirits taking possession of man find no difficulty in using charms and magic formulas to drive off the malign influences. Here you have the key to all the New Testament miracles. Resurrection of the dead is for reasoning people today scarcely thinkable. We see the body lapse into dissolutions, the moment the clockwork of life stops. But I remember as a child to have freely cherished the belief that during sleep at night the soul goes up to heaven to return in the morning. Then it was quite natural for me to expect that when my body goes to its eternal sleep, the soul will wait in heaven for the summons of God to enter the body imbedded in the soil.

For us who know how by the unfailing law of gravitation sun, earth, moon and stars rotate around each other along the heavens, it is simply impossible to imagine that at Joshua's bidding the sun should have stood still in his course one day. Shall I tell you what the rising and the setting of the sun was to the ancient mind? A picture found on one of the temple gates of Nineveh shows heavenly spirits pulling a mighty rope by which the gates of the eastern horizon are opened and the brilliant orb of day is let in in the morning and let out in the evening. How easy then for Joshua by his divine power to stop for once the heavenly spirits in their work of pulling the ropes of the sun, or of driving this golden chariot along the sky!

We today see in rain and storm, hail or snow, lightning or earthquake the unceasing work of one will and mind governing the universe. For us a break means return to chaos. But for those who believed that there were, as Job says, "store houses of rain and dew, of snow and hail in heaven waiting for God to unlock them and send them down ever anew either for the weal or for the woe of the land," every shower of rain and every draught was a special act or interference of God. Hence it was perfectly in His power to alter the course of things in favor of one land and against the interest of another.

But on entering into the psychology of the Biblical miracles, we must analyze also their forms and contents and find their historical and local connections. Without a study of the land and the belief of Egypt and of the Sinai peninsula and its history, you are at a loss to explain the wonders of the Exodus and of Israel's sojourn in the wilderness.

Most people forget that the Bible is not a catechism with fixed definitions of God and soul. It is a nation's history and poetry. It shows religion in the state of evolution. The truth is seen there growing and maturing, but not finished and perfect. Of course, when we speak of Divine Revelation, we cannot help thinking of the spirit of man communing with the Spirit of the universe by means of profound meditation, or by some other flight of the soul aspiring to the highest and loftiest. The fire in which God appears to Moses in the bush, or the thunders and lightnings in which God reveals Himself to the people of Israel on Mount Sinai simply puzzle and perplex us. How can we harmonize the spirituality or omni-

presence of God with His coming down to some earthly locality? But the matter becomes still more vexatious when we read how, before announcing the ten plagues to Pharaoh, God gives Moses instruction in the art of turning a staff into a serpent and water into blood, and similar magic. Nor is the story of the ten plagues and particularly the last one, the death of the first-born, with the anterior command to Israel to borrow gold and silver vessels from the Egyptians before their departure, in accord with our conception of God. A philosophical debate between Moses and the wisest men of Egypt would have appeared to us far more appropriate as an introduction to the new religious truth disclosed on Sinai.

Instead of this, the Bible unrolls before us a mighty warfare between the gods of Egypt and the lofty God of Sinai. It is a strange contest between a simple deity of a shepherd tribe and the numerous gods that created the highest civilization then reached by man. It has been said by Jewish writers of old and repeated in the New Testament that Moses was learned in all the wisdom of Egypt. The Scriptures tell nothing of the kind. On the contrary, Moses' faith conquered the world by its very simplicity, while Egypt's religion like all polytheism defeated the truth by its complicated multiplicity.

Now what is a simple faith? Not a god so remote from human life that only philosophers can think him out, but a God who is near to every one, and who helps whenever He is called upon. This is exactly the meaning of Jehovah: EHYEH ASHER EHYEH. Such a god cannot be invented. He must have been known as the God of the fathers. He must have been worshiped for generation right there where He first appeared to Moses. Indeed, Mount Sinai was the hill of God, a place of pilgrimage, long before Moses' time,—perhaps a thousand years.

Heavenward we gaze when we long for the Infinite. How natural then, for the shepherd to find this God dwelling on lofty heights, unseen, yet giving signs of his presence in fire and whirlwind! How much grander is the Lord of the heavenly hosts and of the vast desert than all the gods enshrined in the Egyptian temples! The ten plagues are climatic phenomena of Egypt put into dramatic form. They all come from the surrounding desert: the hot wind that blinds the eyes, the insects and impurities that fill the air with germs of disease and pestilence, the earth that reddens the waters of the Nile. How powerless are the gods and the men of Egypt against the Ruler of the free and vast desert!

We know from the Egyptian monuments that the Hebrews who resided in Goshen, the border-land of the wilderness, worshiped the god of life, using as his image a bald-headed serpent, attended by two priestesses. We understand thus why Moses started on his great mission with the sign of the serpent. Not the serpent with his two priestesses, who could not give you back your freedom I proclaim to you, as God. No, says he, the God of Sinai, He shall redeem you, and Him shall you worship with the very silver and gold vessels borrowed from your masters. He, the Ruler of the heavens, will smite the gods of Egypt and set you free. He will avenge on Pharaoh the death of Israel's children, his first-born, by killing the first-born of Egypt. Nay, more. Exactly as Jehovah in ancient poetry appears in fire-clouds when combating with Rahab, the power of darkness, or the great serpent of night, so does He pursue the mighty host of Pharaoh or Egypt, the Great Serpent, until they sink into the deep. To His ransomed ones, the people of Israel, however, He appears on Sinai in the garb of His glory to reveal to them His law and consecrate them to be his priests forever."

On the Sinai peninsula there falls every year in spring the Manna sap in white globules upon the ground, and the Bedouins call this sweet juice Mann' Essamma—gift of heaven. Some called it "angel's bread." Who else but the Ruler of the desert, the great Jehovah, could have offered this as food to His people? Annually at the very same time large flights of quails are seen coming to nestle there, and they say that the sun-god awakens from his slumber at their arrival. This, too, then, and the water that flows out of the dry rock are gifts of Jehovah, the God of Sinai.

Likewise is the whole story of the conquest by Joshua and the wondrous battle fought by Elijah nothing but the poetic conception of the warfare of Sinai's God who has storm, fire and whirlwind at His command, against the giants and the gods of Canaan. "Jehovah is the great God who gives rain and withholds it at his pleasure, not Baal!" This is the grand truth expressed in the miraculous contest carried on by Elijah on Mount Carmel against Jezebel's prophets of Baal. The God of Sinai is a devouring fire to annihilate all injustice and wrong, and a pillar of light to lead the righteous to the land of promise. Even the last day of judgment God will judge the world by fire of righteousness and purify man like silver and gold in the furnace, before the universal reign of peace will unite all His children. Think of Elijah's last moments on earth! He was seen by his pupil Elisha riding upon a chariot of fire drawn by fiery horses to heaven.

Was this not originally the fiery cherub on which Israel's God Jehovah rode along the sky? Most certainly. But the idea of God had become too sublime to allow such mythical forms to be attached any longer to him. The chariot therefore, fell to the lot of the prophet. But it still symbolized that wrath of God against an idolatrous nation of which the whole life of Elijah was an embodiment. The God of Isaiah dwelt no longer on Sinai. His residence is the heaven above, and even there He is no longer seen, not even by the angelic beings that surround him. Henceforth the world of miracles ceases. All the more is the past invested with the miraculous. The beginnings of history, the very origin of the nation, become a succession of wonders. Did God then recede from the lives of men? Was the wondrous working arm of God no longer with the Jew? The priestly Sadducees, the worldly Jews, said: No. The pious ones in their tribulations and trials protested, and so the miraculous story of Daniel came forth as a testimony that the God of Israe was still near and ready to save in a miraculous way from the fire of the persecutor and from the claws of lions.

Taken altogether, the Biblical miracles offer sublime truths in child-like form. They illustrate in symbolical language the ideas of Divine Justice and of benign Providence. As long as the human heart remains young and eager to listen to eternal truths in parable, the Bible with its miracle tales will remain mankind's indestructible picture-book. It is not a text-book of history nor of philosophy. It is all poetry which is always the sublimest truth, as every ideal world is loftier than the real. For, after all, is the heart not a more potent factor of humanity then the intellect? Is not emotion a stronger power then cold reflection? Behind all reason, all knowledge and skill lies the power of faith which moves mountains, which performs wonders. Faith in God and the divine forces within us achieves the best things and the greatest in life. There is a saving power in faith at which all miracles hint. Faith makes prophets, heroes, artists, explorers and discoverers. One with God we are all-powerful; without God we are pigmies. Greater than the miracle of the Red Sea is the wonder of Divine Providence seen in our every day life, say the rabbis. Our age of enterprising self-reliance and of iron machinery repudiates miracles and justly so. All the more we needs must learn how to behold in the entire life of the universe a complex of wonders, one great miracle of divine forethought before which we should stand in holy awe, realizing the sway of a divine power by which man imbues life with holy purposes and lofty ideals, the rule of a God whose truth triumphs in the end.

Nationalism is not the cause of our difficulty; nor is anti-capitalism distinctly anti-Jewish in this country. We have yet to learn that the Goulds and the Vanderskilts and the Lord knows whatever their name may be, that fix things in Wall Street, that know how to build railroads and wreck them and buy them in again; that are experts at organizing trusts and their dissolutions, for the purpose of depressing stocks and then buying them back, and after a long legal battle at again coming to terms to boom once more the securities purchased at a low figure, to fool others with a new bait, and shear the lambs and rake in the proceeds. Those engaged in this warfare on society are not Jews. Now and then one Jew is allowed to sail this maelstrom of corruption, but most of the freebooters are members of churches. Anti-capitalism has nothing to do with the prejudice against us. What then is its character? "Society" will not recognize the Jew. This prejudice is harbored especially by the women. One probably a descendant of a good honorable fur trader who came to America in the early days when fur traffic was profitable, has become anxious to represent a social nobility, and as even the common clay of Christian Americans is not good

enough for her daughters, she imports at a high price some foreigner to take the daughter off her hands and give her a title. Another is the child of some good honest butcher, who made his money by killing sheep and investing it carefully through the unearned increment became wealthy. Terribly learned and terribly cultured, she will not mingle with one that may possibly be a descendant of the family that gave to the world Jesus the redeemer.

It is the American women mostly that foster this prejudice. What is their excuse? They affect to believe that the Jew is vulgar, that the Jewess as a rule is a walking, perambulating jewelry establishment. The Jew cannot speak English. The Jew is rude. All these ridiculous charges are winged arrows sent to keep at a distance and to do injury to a class of men and women who, to say the least, are as refined as their snobbish traducers. If these Americans traveling in Europe knew any language but their own, so that they could understand what is said of them, they would learn that in Europe the Americans are held to be what these Americans hold the Jews to be. Why? Because probably at rare intervals one American of their set, was of this character, and as the Americans in Europe are the minority, all suffer as every minority will suffer, for the misdeeds of one of their number.—*E. G. Hirsch.*

The Home

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way."

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—The turmoil of the world will always die, if we set our faces to climb upward.

Mon.—She wrought religiously, and therefore wrought a miaacle.

Tues.—Woman must strike through her own heart to reach a human life.

Wed.—It is the iron rule in our day to require an object and a purpose in life.

Thurs.—We go all wrong by too strenuous a resolution to go all right.

Fri.—Every human life, if it ascends to truth or delves down to reality, must undergo a change.

Sat.—The human spirit does not perish of a single wound, nor exhaust itself in a single trial of life. —*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

A Winsome Coquette.

I am never in doubt of her goodness,
I am always afraid of her mood,
I am never quite sure of her temper,
For willfulness runs in her blood.
She is sweet with the sweetness of springtime—
A tear and a smile in an hour—
Yet I ask not release from her slightest caprice,
My love with the face of a flower.
My love with the grace of the lily
That sways on its slender fair stem,
My love with the bloom of the rose-bud,
White pearl in my life's diadem!
You may call her coquette if it please you.
Enchanting, if shy or if bold,
Is my darling, my winsome wee lassie,
Whose birthdays are three, when all told.

—From *Harper's Bazar.*

Lost and Found.

"Where's my glasses?"

Grandma jumped up from her chair, dropping her sewing-work on the floor, and began looking for grandpa's glasses as earnestly as though he did not ask that question about forty times a day. He never could keep track of his glasses, they were always lost and grandma always had to find them for him.

"Where did you have them last?" she asked, going from table to desk and from desk to bureau in her search. "I can't remember," he continued, tumbling over everything on the table in a vain effort to find them. "Here's Renie coming with the paper and I want to read it."

"Where's your glasses case?"

"Oh! I—that's right here in my pocket where it ought to be, but the glasses aren't in it. I dunno where they are, I'm sure?"

"What's the matter, grandpa?" asked Renie, coming in from the postoffice.

"Oh, I've lost my glasses, as usual. I do wish you'd find 'em for me."

"There's your case sticking right out of your vest-pocket, grandpa."

"But the glasses aren't in it," he said, taking it out. "I knew they weren't for when I was milking to-night old Buttercup switched her tail and knocked the case out of my pocket, away off quite a piece. I picked it up when I was through milking and I saw the glasses weren't in it."

"They fell out, of course," said Renie. "Come, grandpa, I'll go down to the pasture with you before it's dark, and we'll find 'em?"

So they went down through the pasture bars, and grandpa showed Renie just where the milking-stool sat and just about where he picked up his case, but though her bright eyes searched all the place round about, she couldn't find the glasses.

Old Buttercup heard them talking and came straying over the hill to see if they had brought her some apple-parings or corn-husks. The flies were very numerous in the warm sunset and she kept her tail busily switching to and fro.

"What is that hanging to Buttercup's tail?" asked Renie. "O grandpa, there's your glasses!"

Sure enough, the glasses had become so entangled in the cow's tail that even after a whole hour's switching grandpa had considerable trouble to get them loose.

"Did you find 'em?" asked grandma when they came in.

"Oh! yes," he replied pleasantly. "I had merely lent them awhile to a lady—Mrs. Buttercup."

"And she was really wearing them, grandma," said Renie. "she was, honest and true!"—*American Youth.*

Flower Song.

Something to a soul akin
Looks out from every flower;
A lily is a lily still,
On mountain bleak, by meadow rill,
In sunshine or in shower.

Ten thousand roses June may boast,
All differing each from each,
And still the rose-soul in each one
Glows fervent, as if there alone
Its silence had found speech.

—Henrietta R. Eliot, in *The Kindergarten.*

An Oriole's Vengeance.

A lady who was one day watching a pair of redstarts as they worked in a tree, was startled by a violent commotion that arose in the shrubbery bard by. Catbirds screamed, wrens scolded and the robins shouted, "Quick! quick!" with all their might. A squirrel was dragging a baby catbird by the leg from its nest, and all the birds round had come to make a row about it, including a Baltimore oriole. The screaming and the swish of wings as the birds darted about, made the little squirrel abandon its prey, and then the commotion subsided as quickly as it had risen. All the birds but the oriole went about their business elsewhere. The oriole had not said a word so far, and beyond countenancing the hubbub by his presence, had had no part in it. The squirrel, having dropped the baby catbird, cocked itself upon a limb, and began to chatter in a defiant way, while the oriole sat not far away, looking at it, but doing nothing else. But in a few moments the squirrel left its seat, and ran out on the limb it had been sitting on until it had to use care to keep its hold, and then the oriole's opportunity for a terrible assault had come. Flashing across the space, he struck the squirrel in one eye with his sharp, pointed beak, and then, turning instantly, struck the other eye in like manner. Quivering with pain, the squirrel let go the limb and dropped to the ground, where it rolled and struggled about, apparently in the throes of death. The oriole flew away to his favorite elm, where he sang in his most brilliant fashion. The lady put the squirrel out of its misery, and then saw that the oriole had destroyed both eyes.—*Boston Journal.*

To successful action in life there is needed a due balance of personal decision to the knowledge we possess. It does not do for us to know too much, especially as such knowledge discloses the perils of action and the difficulties which block its way.—*S. S. Times.*

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The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

Baraboo, Wis.

The Free Congregational Society of this place has just closed an interesting series of meetings arranged by the pastor, Robert C. Douthit, which have formed what has been termed "A Week of Inspiration." On Tuesday, Feb. 11, Rev. W. D. Simonds gave a lecture on Victor Hugo; the following evening Rev. J. C. Allen of Winona gave readings from "Faust"; Wednesday evening Rev. C. F. Niles of Menomonie and Rev. H. T, Secrist of Milwaukee, gave enthusiastic addresses on the inspiring theme "Why I am a Unitarian." The series closed with another stirring address on "Personal Responsibility" by Mr. Secrist. The meetings were well attended throughout in spit of the inclemency of the weather at the outset, interest and attendance increasing to the end. The society feels encouraged and refreshed by these meetings and will pursue the work of remodeling the interior and resenting the church—which work has already begun—with renewed vigor.

Des Moines, Iowa.

We have for several weeks past been enjoying a spiritual and intellectual feast in a series of sermons by our minister, Rev. Leon A. Harvey on "Evolution." The next two Sundays he is to preach on "Doubt and Faith as Factors in the World's Progress." Our Sunday congregations have shown a marked increase of late although they are far from what we yet hope them to be. The minister, at the annual meeting in January, made a statement of our gains and losses during the year—which showed that there had been a net gain of twenty to the church and and congregation, which at present numbers 176. The report of our Annual Meeting which appeared in THE NEW UNITY for February 20, and which was selected from Mrs. Harvey's "Des Moines Parish Notes" in *Old and New* omitted the above statements and also that part of the report relating to the individual work of the minister.

In addition to his church duties the minister has, during the year, served as secretary of the Iowa Unitarian Association and as chairman of its Missionary Committee—in that capacity writing over four hundred letters.

As associate editor of *Old and New* he has furnished one or more editorials each month and one-third of the sermons published. Aside from denominational interests, he has the honor to be vice-president of the Polk County Women's Suffrage Association, and of the Iowa Humane Society. Since the first of April last he has served the Associated Charities of Des Moines as its president, and this work has required no small amount of time and attention.

While the bare facts regarding the meeting were given in the "Parish Notes," the report bears about the same relation to the real spirit that animated it that the skeleton does to the living body. To most of us the the offer of our pastor's resignation was wholly unexpected. We had known that he had discouragements but so fully satisfied were we with the character and quality of his work that we had not realized the extent of his discouragement. Our regret was that Mr. and Mrs. Harvey could not have heard every word of the discussion of the resignation, which was very full and free and animated by a warmth and tenderness which showed that we appreciate his work, if we have not been so prompt and free as we should in expressing it.

The Young People's Religious Union has made remarkable progress during the short time of its existence, the attendance of late being from thirty-five to forty. February 21, they presented W. D. Howell's farce, "The Garroters," in a highly entertaining manner to a goodly audience. They have completed arrangements for a course of University Extension Lectures to be given in the church—having already sold eighty course tickets. The six lectures are all to be given by professors from the State University.

A PARISHIONER.

Sturgis, Mich.

The Unitarian Society here is still meeting in the G. A. R. hall, but the room is well filled and the audience includes many of the most intelligent and thoughtful people of the city. The Sunday School is doing exceedingly well, and besides it there is a Young People's Society which is rousing a great deal of interest and is largely attended. The subjects of February were "War" and "Patriotism,—Ancient, Modern and American," and in March and April the society is to consider "The Elements of Success in Life." Mr Bentley's faithful and wise work here seems to have put the church fairly on its feet and assured its permanent existence.

LaPorte, Ind.

The Liberal Religious Society of this city is occupying the morning hour with its recently organized Sunday School, of which Mr. Otto Richter is superintendent. The two younger classes are using nature studies, while the older pupils are looking up a course something like that Miss Bartlett has outlined for her Sunday School at Kalamazoo. Each Sunday, some person especially acquainted with that topic, is to give a brief address on it.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

"A Revival of Religion" was the theme of Rev. Mr. Hudson's discourse yesterday morning at Unity hall. He said in opening that he wished to treat the subject frankly and candidly and without reserve, but at the same time sympathetically, and without any intention of reflecting upon the methods or motives of any individual. In itself, he said, a revival of religion is just as natural as a revival of business, a revival of learning or the reawakening of any interest that has for a time lain dormant. And historically considered, revivals of religion have been spontaneous and wholesome. He referred especially to the deep spiritual power of the Wesleyan revival in England, after a long period of dead formalism in the English church; he spoke also of the healthful awakenings of religious interest in the west a generation ago, under the ministry of the Methodist circuit riders, ignorant as they often were, but full of zeal and earnestness of truth.

The danger of revival methods begins when the natural and spontaneous impulse of such awakenings degenerates into professional and artificial efforts. Primarily, a professional revivalist is an anomaly in the religious world. Every preacher ought to be a revivalist at heart, and all his work ought, directly or indirectly, tend toward the awakening of religious interest. But the periodical revival under the management of an imported professional revivalist is apt to become a mere mechanical imitation of the phenomena, without any of the genuine spirit of a truly spontaneous revival of religion.—*The Daily Tribune.*

St. Cloud, Minn.

Sunday evening the congregations of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational and Unity societies united in the quarterly temperance meeting at the Unity church under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., with the president, Mrs. E. A. Johnston, presiding. The spacious church was filled to overflowing, and the pastors of the four churches assisted in the service. The address was delivered by the pastor of Unity church—"The True Basis of Temperance"—a synopsis of which was given by the daily from

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From THE NEW UNITY, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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which we clip the item. After touching on the various methods of the past Mr. Brown goes on to say:—"Each of these methods has its place but each and all of them are inadequate to remove the evil. There is no easy, patent way, however ingenious, of solving the problem. These methods seek to limit, to restrict, to correct the evils of intemperance. But they do not touch the real heart of the question. At the bottom it is a question of character.

"Intemperance is an instance of what biologists call 'atavism,' that is the survival of the lower stage of life; it is a relic from animalism—our heritage from the beast. Tennyson represents an old man as putting the question:

" 'What hast thou done for me, grim old age, save breaking my bones in the rack?'

"And old age replies:

" 'Done for thee? Starved the wild beast that was linked with thee eighty years back.'

"And what age does for the individual, evolution is slowly doing for the race.

"So that the long way, the tedious way of cultivation of individual character, is after all necessary before the evil can be overthrown. Men must be taught to value their true selves—to see the divine possibilities in their reason with its capacity for perceiving God's own truth, and their will with its power to resist the pressure of circumstances or the craving of appetite. When they appreciate this they will not be willing to becloud the one and weaken the other for the sake of transient sensual gratification. When man becomes conscious of the dignity of his humanity he will not be willing to lower himself to the level of the brute. Culture, education and religion are necessary to raise men out of sensualism. New purpose must be put into idle and frivolous lives by the coming in of these great strengthening forces."

Toledo, Ohio.

The western secretary had the pleasure of speaking on a Sunday morning recently in the Church of Our Father in this city. The beautiful auditorium was well filled with a cordial and interested audience, and the large and lively Sunday School was especially promising for the permament left of the church. Both the building and the society bear emphatic testimony to the excellent work done by Mr. Jennings the past few years and show the wisdom of sending a missionary into the field to build his own church in his own way and stay in it when built.

The Study Table

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE. Edward B. Voorhees. Published by Silver, Burdette & Co., New York, Boston, Chicago.

A most determined effort is being put forth by agriculturists to secure a change in the curriculum of the common schools of the United States, so that those things shall be taught which will create a love for land and farm life. The proportion of the American people devoted to tillage was in 1796 about ninety-six per cent. of the whole population. In 1896 it is about forty-two per cent. This is a loss of over half, gone over to manufactures or commerce. Jefferson insisted that a pure and popular government depended on the occupation of the large majority of the people in rural pursuits. But the cities have grown enormously in proportion, since his day; and are now great congested nerve-centers of population. Statistics show that three generations of city life will exhaust the best stock; without fresh blood is supplied from the country. It is necessary then, not only for the sake of making farm work pleasant and highly attractive, but to stay national de-

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generation, to adjust education more evenly to the three divisions of industry, agriculture, manufactures and commerce. Several books have recently come from the press proposing to furnish material for elemental instruction in agriculture. The best of these is "First Principles of Agriculture," by Edward B. Voorhees, director of the New Jersey Agricultural Experimental Station and Professor of Agriculture in Rutgers College, at New Brunswick. Mr. Voorhees is a young man who is doing exceedingly thorough work. The object of his book is science and practice—that is, to give applied science; which is the only form of science needed in our common schools. He covers the constituents of plants; the origin and formation of soils, etc., and so enters the fields of botany and geology; but only so far as to lead directly to practical farming. It will be necessary for a farm boy to go aside, and take up geology, botany and entomology as correlative studies. This volume is a handbook for farming directly. For that reason it is more than a school book, it is a family book. Every farmer should have it by him, and use it.

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E. P. P.

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This company is giving us a class of books of extraordinary value to all interested in the philosophy of science. Some of the best of these have been: Binet's Monograph on Micro-organisms; Freytag's Lost-Manuscript, and Dr. Carus' recent volume on Buddism. The present volume by Romanes discusses the question of Evolution as related to Heredity and Utility. Of course Professor Weismann's theories are overhauled; and the question of inheritance of acquired characteristics is thoroughly discussed. Under the head of Utility Mr. Wallace is combatted with vigor, and it may seem to the reader without complete success. Wallace argues that utility of a functional character is the only principle that can endow it with permanency. Mr. Romanes is determined this shall not be so. He says, "We know of thousands of cases where peculiar characters are stable, which nevertheless cannot possibly be due to natural selections"—instancing wheat, cabbage, corn, dogs, horses, etc.

I confess that my own interest is vastly deeper in Professor Cope's book. It is like all his work masterly and thorough—that is through and through. Professor Cope led off the scientific work of America from shallow materialism in which it was floundering, and set it in key with that spiritual life, without which man as a creature of evolution cannot be understood. Today hardly one investigator worth mentioning is a materialist, as not a half dozen are orthodox in their beliefs. The readjustment has been to base human trust on latest researches rather than on the incipient knowledge of nature current five or six thousand years ago.

Prof. Cope states that the object of his volume is to select facts that throw a clear light on the problem of organic evolution. He draws mostly from the field of paleontology, partly because there his synthetic

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power is most needed, and partly because he is most at home in that field. In fact he stands just now as the most accomplished paleontologist in the world. He takes emphatically the Lamarkian ground and defends it with all the learning and aggressive logic for which he is distinguished. Of course this places him in antagonism to Mr. Romanes, whose book we note above. The two schools are termed the school of Preformation and the school of Epigenesis. They are distinguished by certain scientific creeds which Mr. Cope places in juxtaposition. (1.) Variations in organic structure appear in definite directions—to which the other party answers variations are promiscuous or multifarious. (2.) Variations are caused by the interaction of the organic being and its environment. To which is replied variations are congenital or are caused by mingling of male and female germ-plasms. (3.) Acquired variations may be inherited. To which is replied acquired variations cannot be inherited. Then follows, after an agreement concerning the survival of variations according to their fitness to environments, (1.) Movements of the organism are caused or directed by sensation or consensation (consciousness) which is denied by the other party in favor of survival through natural selection. (2.) Habitual movements are derived from conscious expression—which is also denied by the other party, in favor of natural selection. (3.) The natural mind is developed by experience through memory and classification. To which the other party replies. The rational mind is developed by natural selection from multifarious mental activities. Dr. Cope in this discussion takes the affirmative. It is plain to be seen that he carries the whole question of evolution up into the region of mind and spiritual life and function. But this volume he tells us is preliminary to another which will discuss the evolution of mind and its relation to the organic world. Meanwhile let those who have a taste for these keen dialectics of science read Professor Cope's "Origin of the Fittest," a volume published some years since by the Appletons. E. P. P.

A Literary History of the English People. By F. F. Jusserand. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

It is a great pleasure to receive a book of real history. Hack writers of historical rubbish have abounded in America. The amount of this stuff was never made more apparent than by the recent rehabilitation of the Monroe Doctrine. For fifty years men have written of this doctrine without any real knowledge of the facts or the principle. At last the blundering of President Cleveland has brought about some honest research; and the American people have been led to see that the Monroe Doctrine was really very nearly the opposite of what they supposed. That history should be comprehended is a growing necessity. If we could sweep away the whole litter of such books as "The American Statesman Series," we should not be much the worse for it, although some of the volumes are exceptionally well done. But it would still remain true that our more leading histories are most of them written with unhistorical biases. Can any one tell why Jefferson has been persistently belittled in comparison with Hamilton—a man his inferior at almost every possible angle of vision? Probably because most of our history has been written by descendants of the old Federalists of New England. Even Mr. Schouler's magnificent work touches recent events as if by a northerner, rather than an American; while McMaster's much lauded history is a vast museum, a shop of gossip. He has shown a pitiful lack of power to form historic judgments, or synthetize the heaped up facts he collects. Rhodes has done as good work as any living historian in the field he has chosen; while Fiske has proved himself to be a historian "in his make-up." He has done better than all others in grasping the special vital points in American history.

But not too much must be allowed by way of preface. The book that has called for these remarks belongs in the field of literary history, where we have already a few really great and good productions, but far more poor ones. The field covered in this first volume is From the origin of English Literature to the Renaissance; that is, from the old Celtic story-telling era to the literary movement that wakened an interest in Greek, after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. A happy illustration of the form-style of the author is seen in the chapter that leads over from the death of the old literature to the quickening of the new. "In that Italy visited by Chaucer in the 14th century, the passion for antiquity goes on increasing; the Latins no longer suffice, the Greeks must be known. Petrarch worshiped a manuscript of Homer, but it was for him a dumb fetish; the fetish has now become a god. Never had the town of Constantine been more Greek than on the eve of destruction." The break-up of this Greek life and literature, and its scattering throughout Europe, is told with vigor, and then this volume leaves us—anxious and hungry for the next. The style and contents are throughout satisfactory. Crisp and terse, the author has a happy way of saying much in little. We are here far beyond Taine; and in saying this we have said all. I shall not enter into a discussion of his literary judgment until the next volume comes; and may that be soon.

There never was a more perfect preface to a book. It should stand as the ideal; a real chat with the people who shall be the readers. It is the real author. He has put his character here, and the character of his work. He writes from love for his work—as he says, "I did this because I could not help it; I loved it so." E. P. P.

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Yet to the steadfast eye of one standing upon the shore of things, looking chiefly and most lovingly upon that side on which the sun shines and that we feel joyously to be life, the heart is ever gladdened by the beauty, the exquisite spontaneity, with which life seeks and takes on its forms in a perfectly responsive accord with its needs. It seems ever as though the life and the form were absolutely one and inseparable, so adequate is the sense of fulfilment.

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are made of a bamboo spout that has been sawed in two. These he waves in the smoke of the incense and then returns to his kneeling position before the idol. After holding these pieces of bamboo before him for a minute he tosses them into the air. If one falls on the flat side and one on the round, it means that the idol will graciously answer his prayer; if they both fall on the flat side, the result is uncertain and he must resume his devotions; but if they both fall on the round side the idol is said to be laughing at him or refusing to answer. If one falls on the flat side and one on the round, he then goes to the altar and takes a wooden cylinder half filled with flat strips of bamboo on which are written different numbers or characters. Holding this in both hands he slowly moves it up and down. He moves it faster and faster, making the bamboo strips hop up and down, until one hops out upon the floor. This he eagerly scans and then takes to the priest, who for a small sum gives him a sealed paper corresponding to the number on the slip that hopped out, and which contains the answer to his prayer. It professes to tell him the lucky day to plant rice or to begin the repairs on his house."

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The Case of the Public Schools.

President G. Stanley Hall, who has been classifying the large number of letters received by the *Atlantic Monthly* in response to their circular of inquiries, makes this emphatic statement regarding the lack of training in teachers:—

It is well known that many young men teach as a makeshift for a few years, with no thought of making teaching a life-work. They do so to pay college debts or get money to study further, or to acquire the means for entering one of the other professions. Other statistics have shown that nearly one third of the teachers in many sections of the country change their vocation every year. The fact that so small a fraction of the teachers in the public schools had any normal or professional training shows, also, how few regard it as a life-work. Of the $95,000,000 paid for salaries for teachers, for 15,000,000 children of this country, a large proportion is thus spent upon untrained and unskilled teachers who have little interest in making their work professional. No business could ever succeed or was ever conducted on such principles, and when we reflect that the "'prentice hand" is here tried upon the human flesh, blood and souls, the waste in all these respects is appalling. Those who claim that teaching can be learned only by experience are in part right, but even the school of experience is wretchedly inadequate in this country. Moreover, on the whole, it is the best teachers who leave. Here we are far behind other countries. It is only when a teacher has mastered the details of government and method that good work can be done.

Jewish Historical Society.

The fourth annual meeting of the American Jewish Historical Society, was held January 30 and 31, at Philadelphia, Pa. The Hon. Oscar S. Straus presided. The attendance was very fair and included, in addition to officers of the society, members from New York, Richmond, Baltimore, Albany. The present officers were unanimously re-elected. The secretary's report stated that the members now reached 165 and the edition of the society's publication was to be increased to 800 instead of 500 volumes. The treasurer showed receipts of $2,256 and expenses of $439, leaving a gratifying balance of $1,816.

There was quite a lengthy list of papers read, whose full titles have already been mentioned in these columns. Dr. Cyrus Adler's notes on the Inquisition in Mexico referred to the case of a Jewish lad, Gabriel de Granada, which covered in the original 245 pages. Dr. Hollander had an exhaustive paper on "The Naturalization of Jews in the Colonies Under the Act of 1740," including the list of the names of Jews who became naturalized in the American colonies before the Revolution. Mr. Max J. Kohler, an industrious worker, discussed "The Jews and the American Anti-Slavery Movement"; he stated that they took no action as a body, but their protest was simply that of individuals. One, Rev. Dr. Raphall, strove to justify slavery on Biblical grounds.

Col. Isaac Franks seems to be a favorite character with members of the society, and this time Prof. Morris Jastrow supplied a very interesting paper on the subject, dealing with Frank's personal relations with George Washington, the president having rented a house from him in 1793. It is still standing at 4782 Main street, Germantown. Included in Colonel Franks' Bill against the president were items for broken china. Dr. Kayserling's contribution was on Abuab, the Hebrew poet, "the first Jewish author in America," who in 1642 went from Amsterdam to Brazil and led the war between the Portuguese and Hollanders in 1646. Rev. Henry Cohen, a steady worker in the field, gave a sketch of Henry Castro, who was appointed Texan Consul-General to France by President Houston and sent over 5,000 emigrants, 700 at his own expense, and expended over $150,000 of his own means. He died in 1861 at Monterey. He entered into a contract with Houston to settle a colony west of the Medina in 1842.

Before adjourning, President Straus made an announcement of the following committee on publication for the ensuing year: Dr. Cyrus Adler, chairman; Mendes Cohen, Prof. Charles Gross, Prof. Morris Jastrow, Jr., and Dr. H. Friedenwald.

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To new places the only charges will be the traveling expenses of the speakers. To places desiring lectures for the second time some slight additional charge will be made to be used towards paying for the support of the Liberal headquarters in Chicago. All communication can be addressed to A. W. Gould, the chairman of the Missicnary Committee, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street, M. H. Harris, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIENDS' SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenæum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plummer, Minister.

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OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist), R. F. Johonnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH (Universalist), Sheridan Ave. and 64th St. Sunday services 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Sunday School, 9:30 A. M.; Young People's Christian Union, 7 P. M. Devotional Meeting, Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Rev. Frederick W. Millar, minister; residence, The Colonial, 6325 Oglesby Ave.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

STEWART AVENUE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

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